

VIETNAM WAR

365 and a Wakeup

PTSD... and a Wakeup

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Vietnam and Thailand
by The Light
of a Silvery Moon

PTSD ... and a Wakeup

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I do not seek answers...
but an understanding of how to defend myself.

I can fight men, win or lose,
but cannot fight the dreams that storm about
dwelling between the *thunder claps* of my night.
Dream-things, like huey-night owls swooping at scampering prey,
wet-things that slime from earth at scent of passing blood, or
death-reeking scavengers tilling soil for droppings of wrong I have overlooked...or ignored.

Without warning those retrieved scraps are thrust forward,
assaulting twilight-mind, taunting, raping, enveloping, consuming...digesting,
and I am once more in the midst of unfolding darkest-visions...
swirling, unchanging-sameness...
eternal moments of shadowed-reality...
dimensional memories demanding rebirth...
refusing to be gone...*unforgiving*, insisting on replay as if I have missed a lying-truth and
do not recognize every micro-frame that loops its way through
the virtual night, long imprinted upon my soul, and even
now daring to infringe upon the fleeting solace of cockcrow, and dawn.

I awake...or am I...

**Has it ended... *I see the searing lightening-moments even now.*
*Was I ever asleep?***

**Dark Memories take flight from my soul...
Unspoken dreams... just secrets of the heart... the light too harrowing to endure.
Forgiveness ungiven, like malingering apocalyptic darts of tribulation.
*Get-It-Right!***

**Why do they return..? Generations have slipped by...
Get-It-Right!
Why don't they stay in their ghostly box? Why now?
*Get-It-Right!***

**365 And a Wakeup. I've dreamt *The 365 ...* for over 45 years.
I yearn for the *And a Wakeup.***

Tell me how to make it stop....

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